

IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.

Revival of the Old Assembly
Dancing Club.

THE IMPERIAL CLUB REORGANIZES.

Other Social and Personal News of
Note About the City.

Must Sign Your Name.
Persons sending personal and notices of social events to the JOURNAL are requested to sign their name and address in order to secure publication.

It is very probable that Topeka will boast of two dancing clubs this winter, beside the Oxford club which is composed exclusively of the "younger set." The young married people have clamored for a revival of the Assembly club, that was so successful and enjoyable several winters ago, and Messrs. W. J. Black, A. H. Quinton, Ed. Horner and J. L. King as a committee, have sounded the sentiments of the married men, the bachelors and the exclusive society young men in town on the subject and the result is an organization of fifty-five members, that will give parties at intervals of several weeks in Library hall, the first on November 3. The young married people will take the lead and each party a committee of ladies will be invited to superintend the decorating of the hall and the serving of light refreshments.

The Imperial club members have expressed some dissatisfaction at the organization of the new club and have made an effort to combine the two clubs under the name of the Imperial-Assembly club. This made a membership of unwieldy size, so the Imperial club members will meet tomorrow to elect new officers and fill the places of those who have joined the other club. Parties will be given every two weeks at Library hall, as they were last winter. Mr. Frank P. Edson is president of the club at present.

A New Whist Club.
The following young men have organized a club, without rules, without officers, and with but a single purpose—mental discipline obtained by faithful devotion to whist on Monday evening of each week: Messrs. George Crawford, Theodore Hammett, Harry Weaver, C. R. and C. M. Merriam, Walter Noble, Dana McVicar, Will Alexander and Charles Thomas.

Children's Masquerade.
Mr. and Mrs. Groves of 618 Lane street, gave a masquerade party in celebration of their daughter Lulu's fourteenth birthday on Saturday evening. The costumes were very pretty and made identification difficult, so the evening passed very pleasantly. Those present were: Evan Schenk, Mabel and Ethel Grubbs, Bertha and Arthur Wistman, Mary Black, Jennie Bates, Fannie and Bessie Cramer, Myrtle Hughes, Rhoda Knowles, Kate Rushmore, Mattie and Ida Sprayer, Edna McLaughlin, Ethel DeObert, Edna Graves, Ralph Tuttle, Marion Van Sant, Carrie Lane, Oral Ridings and Arthur Fischer.

GENERAL SOCIAL NOTES.
Items of Interest About Topeka People and Visitors in Town.

Miss Lou Neely of Leavenworth, is spending a few days with her father, United States Marshal Neely at the Hotel Throop.

A very attractive young woman who has spent the past summer in the city, will be married in December to a wealthy young man in Pennsylvania.

Miss Laura Cook of Chicago, is the guest of Miss Helen Scott. Miss Cook is a cousin of Mr. George D. Cook, formerly of this city.

Mr. Lester Brewer of Denver, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Brewer, on Western avenue.

Mrs. Fred McDonald returned today from Lexington, Mo., where she visited her daughter, Bernice.

A late afternoon tea that will continue into the evening, and to which the men will be invited, is on the tapis for next month.

Miss Nellie Puffer and Mrs. Harry Noble and daughter went to Holton yesterday to spend several days with Miss Broderick.

Misses Helen Wilson and Eleanor Smith have issued invitations to a party in Mr. J. C. Wilson's home on Friday evening.

Messrs. C. M. Merriam and Ned Osborn spent Sunday in Leavenworth.

Mrs. George Chase and two sons departed Sunday for Washington, D. C., to join Mr. Chase and reside.

Mr. W. H. Hocking and daughters, Theresa and Alice, spent Sunday in Kansas City, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hochstetler, who have just returned from Europe.

Miss Nellie Puffer will go to Leavenworth on Thursday to spend a week with Miss Mame Atchison.

An informal subscription-masquerade party in Vetterli's hall is being planned by several young married society ladies for the latter part of this week.

Miss Carrie Clarkson is visiting Miss Hattie Lakin, in Emporia.

Mrs. E. L. Crosby and Mrs. Walter Horner, have returned from a several weeks visit with their parents in St. Louis.

Mrs. Fred Dobson, of Ottawa, formerly Miss Bella Sinclair, is the guest of Judge and Mrs. N. F. Hardy, having come up for the Ashby-Farnsworth wedding.

Miss Helen Weber, of Lawrence, arrived today to visit Miss Jessie Edson.

MISS FARNSWORTH'S TEA.
The Bridal Party Entertained at an Elaborate Tea.

Miss Ruth Farnsworth entertained her bridal party at a very elaborate tea last evening. Her's is to be a "chrysanthemum wedding," and decorations were exclusively chrysanthemums. Miss Clara Francis of Colony, Kan., the maid of honor; Misses Fannie Purdy of Chicago, Margaret Dudley, Kate and Clara Thacher, bridesmaids; Mr. Albert Ashby of Philadelphia, groomsmen, and Messrs. Chas. Thomas, Ned Henderson, Chas. Gough of Lincoln, Neb., R. R. Peterson, Ashby, and Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Soper were the guests.

NOTES OF A PERSONAL NATURE.
What the Society Folk of Topeka are Doing.

Miss Lizzie Vandervort of Tarkenton, Ill., is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. J. Mercer, and will spend the winter in Topeka.

Miss Laura Davis of Newton, who has been visiting Miss Minnie Davis, returned home today.

Miss Elizabeth Mulvane of Chicago is

visiting her brother, Dr. G. J. Mulvane. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wear have leased Mrs. C. E. Kendall's handsome home on Topeka avenue for two years and are moving in today. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wear will occupy their home in Potwin after the 10th of November.

Mrs. J. Weiss is visiting in Omaha. Fred Gordon came up from Baldwin yesterday to attend the Ashby-Farnsworth wedding.

The Ashby-Farnsworth wedding tonight is the subject of all conversation and attention in fashionable society, and the preparations are very elaborate. At the bridal tea last evening the loving cup was passed around and a health drunk to the bride-elect, and Miss Clara Francis delivered a very pretty toast in rhyme. Miss Farnsworth's present to each bridesmaid was an enameled wreath stick pin set with pearls.

The Pansy club young ladies will meet for their winter campaign of pleasure and charitable work on Thursday afternoon with Miss Farnsworth. An innovation this year will be the serving of light refreshment at the afternoon meetings. Miss Julia Street will occupy Miss Florence Greer's place in the club.

William Burr, ex-mayor of Blue Rapids, Marshall county, Kansas, spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. St. John, 1012 Quincy street. Mr. Burr starts today for Florida on account of poor health.

Mr. J. R. Hayden has just received a line of novelties in bric a brac that has never been equalled in this city. Dresden banquet lamps with Dresden china globes and exquisite colored glass lamps decorated in gold, range in price from \$20 to \$50. Lizards and seal pocket books and chatelaines are a new fad and he has a complete line of them. New loggionette chains and silver collarettes that have never before been seen in Topeka will attract the women.

The Johnson, Nobel Confectionery Co., always enterprising, has opened a cafe, that is receiving the liberal patronage of the young people of this city. Oysters are served in every style, coffee, tea, cocoa and chocolate, with rolls, bread and milk, waffles, pancakes and other things in season are to be found on the bill of fare. This is the only cafe of the kind in town and it is bound to be a success.

Judging from her latest photographs Mrs. Grover Cleveland is more attractive than ever. Like other good housekeepers Mrs. Cleveland rejoices in the results achieved by Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

FARCE COMEDY TONIGHT.

"4-11-44" at the Grand. The Doubt Family and Other Attractions.

The patrons of the Grand opera house tonight will have a chance to laugh at the specialties that always accompany a farce comedy. "4-11-44" will hold the boards there tonight. A good many of the people that will appear in it have been here before. It is said, with such attractions as Frank Daniels, "The Dazzler," "Two Old Cronies" and the "Primrose & West" minstrels. The company is said to have some good singers and dancers. Among the pretty girls are Rheta Mann and Norma Wills. Emil Hensel in German comedy, Monte Collins in a medley of characters, and Wm. J. Maxwell as the dignified professor, hold up the male end of the comedy. The house will be dark again tomorrow night.

The Musical Doubt Family.

For three nights beginning Friday night at the Crawford theater, the Doubt family will appear in musical specialties, both vocal and instrumental. Members of the family will also give dramatic readings. The family lives at Braintree, Nebraska, and has been very successful in its former tours. Frank E. Davis is managing the company.

TO KILL W. K. VANDERBILT

A Crank With a Revolver Who Was Waiting for a Chance.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—A man named Reilly who says he is a marble cutter and that he has been living with his sister, Mrs. George McKnight in Newark, has been arrested there. He was seen with the crowd of striking cloak makers who went from Newark to attack the house of a man named Gellard, where work is being done for his New York factory.

He was seen later sitting on the side of the gully road in the northern part of the city, handling a revolver and some cartridges. He had taken the weapon apart when Captain McManus and a squad of police accidentally came upon him and took him to the second precinct station. In his pocket were letters addressed to Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, George Gould and Superintendent Byrnes. He intended to mail them today.

He said the one to Byrnes was simply a query as to whether he had received a letter from Reilly about a recent mysterious murder, in which a description of the murderer was given. The others were of a rambling nature, half begging and half threatening. He told the police that he would do anything to help strikers and down capitalists, and that the last few days he had paroled the avenue near Vanderbilt's home waiting for an opportunity to kill some of the family.

Reilly says that he has written several letters to President Cleveland.

Grouse Thrive in Soot and Smoke.

One is always accustomed to connect that admirable fowl, the grouse, with health, yet it is a curious fact that the bird is by no means the best thing for him. The finest moors in the world, from the sportsman's point of view, are undoubtedly those of the west riding of Yorkshire, and on some of the very best of these, such as the famous Ribblesdale, there is hardly any healthier at all. Its place is taken by the bilberry, on which the grouse grow fat and well looking and increase in numbers to an almost incredible extent.

Another curious fact about west riding grouse, which we do not remember to have mentioned anywhere before, is that they do not seem to suffer from the soot and smoke of the manufacturing towns which border on the moors. For instance, the grouse which are shot on the moors around Bradford are often simply black with soot, yet they are perfectly healthy, and as a rule, rather above the average size. Apparently, however, these queer conditions, which suit the red grouse, are un congenial to the black game, which, though they abound in many parts of Cumberland, are hardly ever found on the moors of the west riding and never in the manufacturing districts.—London Globe.

Silver Leaf vinegar remains in the front. It is the best table and pickling vinegar. Ask your grocer for it and take no other. It is the cheapest.

BORN IN THE ARCTICS.

A Bright and Healthy Child of the Frozen North.

BABY PEARY IS IMMORTALIZED

By the Accident of Birth—Her First Night Four Months Long.

Marie Ahmigito Peary is a little lady born to fame, and she can never escape it. Like Sarah Rappalje, first white child born on Long Island; Virginia Dare, the first in Virginia; the little one born on the Mayflower and a few others immortalized by accident, the Peary baby will live in history, for she was born Sept. 12, 1893, away up in the arctic regions, and her first long night lasted four months. The doctor of the expedition was almost positive a white child could not live without sunlight and proved it somehow by science, but the baby, as babies so often do, upset the science, thrived amazingly and entered her first summer an unusually large and strong child.

Everybody has read of Lieutenant Peary's heroic wife and how she went into the arctic regions to winter with him and take charge of the station and base of supplies while he explored farther north. She is a tall and slender woman, with fair skin, dark blue eyes and an expressive head crowned with hair approaching to golden in color. She is soft spoken and gentle in manner, but brave and resolute. This lady passed the better part of a year at Bowdoin bay of Inglefield gulf, on the west coast of Greenland, in latitude 72 degrees and 40 minutes north, and it was there the baby was born, as aforesaid. At that time the weather was still quite mild and the days some 15 hours long, but they shortened rapidly, and winter came, as it does in the far north, with amazing suddenness.

For 12 days the sun never appeared above the horizon, and the temperature ranged from 20 to 40 below zero and occasionally much lower, but there was the usual supply of moonlight, and it was indescribably brilliant, for of all the beauties of nature none is more dazzlingly beautiful than the night sky of the far north. The natives winter in ice huts, but the Pearys had a good sized double house, which the lieutenant took with him, all prepared to set up, and their oil fuel made it comfortably warm throughout. Besides nursing the baby partook freely of condensed milk and other infant food and soon developed such an appetite that she took heavier food and at 7 months she weighed 25 pounds.

"The Eskimo," says Mrs. Peary, "do not make particularly good servants. Bill, the little native nurse I brought, is rather more intelligent than the average and is very fond of baby, a sentiment that Marie fully reciprocates. I did not intend to bring her with me, but she begged so hard to come, and her father was so anxious to have her do so, that I consented. She is the first Eskimo from that part of Greenland to journey south, and when she returns next fall with baby and me she will be a great heroine. I didn't want to come back at all, on account of leaving my husband, but Dr. Vincent was returning, and I was afraid to stay with baby and no physician during the teething time. Of course the life there was very monotonous, but I was too busy caring for my small family to have much time to indulge homesickness. I had my pictures and books and read a great deal in the long winter evenings.

"We have in Greenland a summer of nearly four months, during which the temperature is sometimes as high as 60 degrees and the vegetation is very luxuriant. The grass grows often a foot high over the old igloos, or huts, and is plentifully sprinkled with bright yellow poppies, poplins, bluebells and rhododendrons, but there are no trees worthy the name. During the mild season the skies and waters are beautifully blue, and the air is wonderfully soft and clear.

"I dressed there outwardly exactly as I do here. Of course I had to wear very heavy underclothing and in winter deer skin stockings, with the fur turned in, reaching above the knee, and sealskin boots. The latter were rather clumsy, but very warm and comfortable. When I went sledging, I wore a long fur coat, which enveloped me from head to foot.

The Peary party was very well supplied with canned vegetables of many kinds, and the hunters brought in abundance of deer meat. The cooking and heating were done with oil. There was none of that trouble of keeping things which is ever on the minds of housekeepers in warmer lands, and vegetables went direct from the can and fresh meat from its frozen state into the hot water. But, for all that, life in the arctic regions is hard and nature, to preserve a human race there, is obliged to deaden its nervous sensibilities and lead it with fat. Mrs. Peary and little Marie Ahmigito will try it again, however.

"Hitch your chariot to a star" was Emerson's advice. The star of all the baking powders is Dr. Price's.

ROBBED A POOR EDITOR.

Sad Sequel to An Onion Presentation in Rush Center.

[From the Rush Center Standard.]

Judge A. H. Morris Wednesday morning brought this office two very handsome onions which he raised in his garden by irrigation this summer. One measured fourteen inches in circumference and weighed fifteen ounces and the other thirteen ounces. These are the finest specimens we have ever seen and they speak louder and more emphatic to our people than words, of what irrigation will do for them, if they will only give it a trial.

LATER—Some rascal has deliberately stolen one of the above described onions from our office.

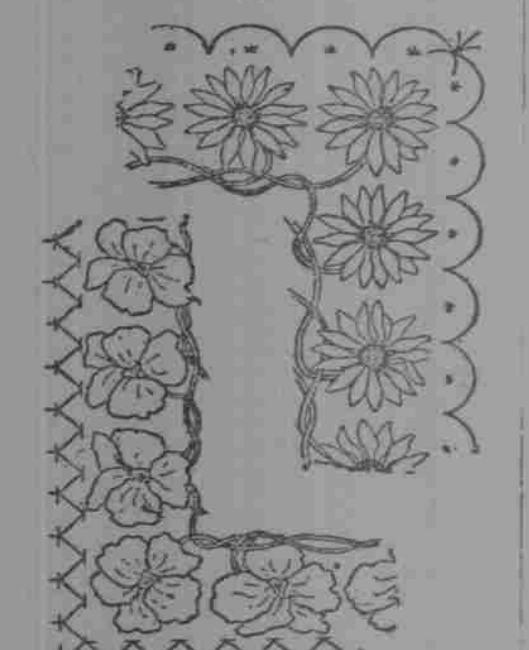


AN AFTERNOON AND AN AT-HOME GOWN.

BORDERS FOR DOILIES.

Some New Designs Which are Artistic and Easily Made.

The accompanying illustrations are designed for borders to be worked upon doilies, tray cloths, tidies or any of their near relatives, in outline stitch with wash silk of any desirable shade. Very little explanation is needed, as the illustrations speak quite plainly for themselves. The little pansies and daisies are conventional in design, but it will add greatly to their artistic effect if they are not all "twins," but are made to vary in some slight details. The pansy faces may nod toward each other a little in one case and turn away from each other further on in the border, thus relieving the "sameness" of any absolutely conventional pattern. It takes but a little taste and skill to make this variation, and the effect gained will more than repay one's work. In the case of the daisies, a petal or two twisted here and there relieves the stiffness very greatly. The intertwining stems form a beautiful inside finish to the border. The fancy stitching on the outside edge may vary almost indefinitely, the illustrations



NEW DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

suggesting two styles. Of course, if one has not the "gift" of making one's pencil obey one's fancies the little variations in the border can be omitted, and it can be made simply a repetition throughout of one little daisy blossom or pansy face. The design is sketched or stamped upon the linen with colored crayon or a soft pencil.—American Agriculturist.

STEAMING THE FACE.

How to Perform This Youth and Health Imparting Operation.

Have the teakettle boiling for you at a certain hour. Take a newspaper, fold down the middle; pin two of the ends behind and put it over your head like a big hood, letting it come well over your face in front.

Rub your face thoroughly with any good cold cream, sit down by the kitchen range, your paper bag over your head and your nose as close to the spout of the boiling kettle as you dare to. Don't tempt fate too far, or you may burn your face. Keep turning first one cheek and then the other, so that all parts of the face may be steamed equally. Keep this up for fifteen or twenty minutes or until you have perspired freely. Now don't rub this grease and perspiration off with a towel, but take a silver-bladed knife and gently scrape the debris away, even as a man scrapes whiskers from his features.

The silver bit is removed bathe the face with warm water in which a few drops of sweet-scented benzoin have been poured. If you are going outdoors dash the face with cold water to prevent chapping, but if you are going to remain at home rub a little cold cream under the eyes, over the eyebrows and behind the ears, for these are the quarters in which the telltale wrinkles first begin to come. Then go lie down and take a nap and waken refreshed and as glowing as a sixteen-year-old girl.—Health.

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MRS. PINKEYE.

They had been very, very happy during the few swiftly passing months of their wedded life, and in spite of the memory of business reverses and of a week of continuous struggle to meet her payments Mrs. Pinkeye smiled a smile of ineffable contentment as her brougham stopped before the door of the handsome house that had been her mother's marriage gift, and she thought of her dear Horace waiting for her in his boudoir—dear Horace, whose lips in a few short moments would be pressed to hers. Even the frightful possibility of financial ruin, that awful specter that, ever since her return from their honeymoon to find that a trusted employee had proved unfaithful, had haunted her almost ceaselessly day and night, vanished from her presence in the beatific anticipation of her husband's kiss.

"What is this you tell me, Alexis?" she was saying two minutes later to her husband's valet as she carelessly threw her hat into a chair. "Mr. Pinkeye gone out? And has he left no word for me?"

"He—he went out about 3 o'clock," faltered the man, "and—and he said he would be back by 5. He!"

"Alexis," said the lady in the tone of one accustomed to command, "you are keeping something from me. With whom did my husband go out, and has he bade you conceal aught from me?"

The frightened servant, awed by the sternness of the woman's voice and overcome by the inherent weakness of his sex, at last blurted out that a lady whom he did not know had called for his master soon after luncheon and had taken him away in a brougham. His master had hidden him say nothing to his mistress about the matter and had been careful to conceal his departure from the other servants. He had gone out with the same woman every afternoon for a week, but had always returned in time for dinner before. Upon further questioning Alexis admitted that he had once seen the strange lady kiss his master.

Maud Pinkeye staggered slightly, as if she had received a blow, but recovered herself in a moment. "You may go, Alexis," she said quietly. With strange unnatural calm she lighted a cigar and sat down before her library table. So it had come at last, and so soon! What was there left in life for her if she no longer had faith in man? And if she could no longer trust her Horace—if Horace were unfaithful—great God! She could not allow herself to think of it. The overwhelming realization of that possibility was more than even she, strong as she was, could bear. And yet she must think of it! Oh, why had fate been so cruel? What a paltry thing the possible loss of her fortune seemed by comparison with the dread calamity that had overtaken her! She crushed in one hand an enameled brass inkstand that was on the table before her, so that its contents were forced through the pores of the tortured wax.

Five minutes later she found herself, she knew not how, in her husband's boudoir. An opened book lay on the table. It was "The Lives of Eminent Washwomen," by Dr. Clara Huxley, Ph. D., and it was open at the story of the faith and devotion of a husband who had helped his wife at a financial crisis with money that he had made evicting debtors for a livery stable while she had supposed him to be idling at home. Mechanically Maud Pinkeye read a full page and ground aloud at the parallel the tale suggested. Then the doorbell rang, and a moment later she heard her husband's voice in the hall inquiring anxiously if she had yet come in. The moment had arrived. She wondered that she was able to control herself thus as she strove down the stairs. Then she knew that her heart was dead—yes, dead!

Horace Pinkeye tripped lightly up to his wife and held up his flushed red face for a kiss.

"Darling," he said, "did you wonder why I was away? And why I come home without me? Say you were, darling!"

Maud turned away her head and, folding her arms, drew herself up to her full height. "Traitor!" she hissed. "Traitor! Tell me who is the woman with whom you have been spending your afternoons for the last week!"

To her surprise her husband did not flinch beneath her gaze. He laughed a nervous laugh, but said without a suspicion of the consciousness of guilt in his voice.

"Has that nasty Alexis been telling you things? If he has, I shall slap him real hard, right on his face too."

"Who was the woman?" Maud demanded sternly.

Her husband burst into tears and threw himself into her arms. She knew then that he was guiltless of any wrong against her, and she held his head to her bosom while he told the story that made her a happy woman again.

"It—it was my sister Ethel," Horace sobbed. "You know she is the business manager of the Topeka Medical Supply company, and, dearest, I—I had heard that you were in—in financial trouble, and—and I had been reading about how a husband had once earned some money for his wife, and I—I made Ethel give me some work at the factory. And so the last week I have spent three hours—very afternoon punching the holes in the paper's plasters. I was late today because it was pay day, and, darling, here are my earnings, \$1.50, all for you! Will you forgive me, darling, for deceiving you?"

As Maud Pinkeye strained her husband to her throbbing bosom she vowed in her heart of hearts that, come what might, she would never for a moment mistrust him again.—New York World.

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A Remarkable Achievement in Railroad Affairs

Was the running of the Exposition flyer, the famous twenty hour train between Chicago and New York, via the Lake Shore route, in service during the World's fair. A handsome litho-water-color of this train may be secured by sending ten cents in silver to C. K. Wilber, Western Passenger Agent, Chicago.

THE STATE JOURNAL'S Want and Miscellaneous columns reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

One word describes R.—"perfection." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. J. K. Jones.

We put on new neckbands on shirts. Peerless Steam Laundry, 113 and 114 West Eighth street.